The Aussie Bar-B-Que Song

Eric Bogle

♩ = 100

G   Am/C   G/B   Am

When the sum-mer sun is shin-in' on Aus - tra-lia's hap-py land, 'Round
The Scots eat lots of hag - gis, the French eat snails and frogs, The
There's flies stuck to the mar - gar - ine the bread has gone rock hard, The
And when the bar - by's o - ver and your home-ward way you wend, With a

D7   G

count - less fires in strange at - tire,__ in__ ma - ny sol-emn bands, Of
Greeks go crackers over their mous - sakas and the Yanks all love hot dogs, The
kids are fightin' & the mossies are bi - tin'__ who for - got the Ae - ro - gard? There's
queez - y tummy on the family dun - ny__ man - y lone - ly hours you spend. You might

Am/C   G/B   Am

glum Aus - tra - lians watch - in' their lunch go up in flames, By the
Welsh - men like to have a leek the I - rish love their stew, But you
bull ants in the Es - ky and the beer is run - nin' out, And__
find your - self re - flect - ing, like man - y of - ten do, Come

D7   G

smoke and smell you can plain - ly tell that it's bar - by time a - gain.
just can't beat the__ half-cooked meat at an Aus - sie bar - b - que!
what you saw in__ Mum's cole - slaw you__ just don't think a - bout!
rain or shine that's the very last time that you'll have a bar - b - que!

Verse 1: Wayne --> Chorus
Verse 2: Ian --> Chorus
Verse 3: Barry --> Chorus
Verse 4: All --> Chorus (a capella)
Chorus (All with big ending!)

60

Chorus

When the steaks are burn - in' fierce - ly, When the smoke gets in your eyes, ___ When the

snags all taste like fried tooth - paste, and you're mouth is full of ___ flies. It's a

na - tion - al in - sti - tu - tion, it's Aus - tra - lian through and through, ___ So

come on ___ mate and grab your plate, let's have a bar - b - que!